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WELSH BALLADS.





WELSH BALLADS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ERNEST RHYS

LONDON

DAVID NUTT, 270 STRAND

CARMARTHEN: W. SPURRELL AND SON

BANGOR: JARVIS AND FOSTER

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DEDICATION.

To D.

DEAR PRINCESS IN WALES,

HERE is my long-promised book of ballads, which comes to you for grace, ere it sets out boldly at last over the Welsh border, and into that world where things new and old, Welsh and English, come to the one test in the end. You are the only reader, I fear, who will apply that test as tenderly as need be,—hearing the harp in the roughest lines, and finding delight in every echo of the famous old music to which they try to march. For the rest, if, having climbed Merlin's Hill and knowing Davyth as you do, you hesitate and ask awkward questions,—I admit, in advance, everything you may say. Let us have the courage of our imperfections. I know that some of my ballads are not, in an older sense than Victor Hugo's, ballads at all; and that my Merlin is too mediæval and too long; while my Davyth has lost half the wood-magic of his Green Book. Then, too, it is only one side of Welsh poetry that is here shown, and even that poorly enough, when its full range and beauty are remembered. But its story does not end here, for I hope to return to it; and meanwhile, if I have managed to suggest, however remotely, something of the sorrowful music of Llywarch Hën, or of the tune the wind sang to Taliesin, I am well content. It is in their spirit I have worked,—at the one thing I have cared very much to do, believing that poetry

knows no bounds of time or race, and what was true and fine in it seven centuries ago, is true and fine still. Poetry in truth is more or less a tongue in itself, and its lovers are a race apart; and so these ballads too may, despite their Welsh accent, contrive to be understood; for they are as new as they are old, and as modern as so venerable a harper as Rhyme can make them.

Rhyme cannot, it is true, rebuild Careg Cennen Castle, where you held court among the ruins this summer, and where you are to be pictured entertaining these mountain recruits of mine; too courteous to smile at them and their wild music. But amid its broken walls, we learnt to know what life was to our last native Prince and his people, and how imperishable were the ideas which centuries have not destroyed. Nor shall they diminish, but grow more in the light of modern things, till we find the sword itself re-viving in a song. In this plain faith these ballads were written; and so, Princess, they are presented to you, and to the Welsh people all the world over, by their and your most Loyal Bard,

E. R.

Rhys Goch Dyved.

CARMARTHEN:
PRINTED BY W. SPURDELL AND SON.



SONG OF THE DAY-SPRING.

LARK SONG.

'CAN YR EHEDYTH.'

NOW, after dark night,
The new day is begun;
And his ladder of light
The lark has uprear'd
Against the high sun.
Hark! his whistle is heard:
Tirra-whee! Tirra-lay! Day's begun.

Where the day-break was born,—
Hark, now in the east,
How he pipes up the morn
And awakens the bird
And heartens the beast.
Hark! his whistle is heard:
Tirra-whee! Tirra-lay! Day's begun.

[B]

The dark night is over,
The rosy shafts run,
As he pipes,—pretty lover!
Above the green sward,
Where the dew drinks the sun.
Hark! his whistle is heard:
Tirra-whee! Tirra-lay! Day's begun.

THE BALLAD OF THE BURIED SWORD.

I N a winter's dream, on Gamélyn moor,
I found the lost grave of the Lord Glyndwr.

Three shadows I followed against the moon,
That marched while the grey reeds whistled the tune.

Three swordsmen they were, out of Harry's wars,
That made a Welsh song of their Norman scars.

But they sang no longer of Agincourt,
When they came to a grave; for there lay Glyndwr.

Said the one: 'My sword, th' art rust, my dear:
I but brought thee home to break thee here!'

And the second: 'Ay, here 'is the narrow home,
To which our tired hearts are come!'

Said the third: 'We are all that's left, Glyndwr,
To guard thee now on Gamélyn moor!'

Straightway I saw the dead forth-stand,
His good sword bright in his right hand.

And the marish reeds, with a rustling sound,
To a thousand grey swordsmen were turned around.

Oh, the moon did shake in the south to see
The dead Lord stand with his soldiery.

But the brighter the sword that he held before,
Turned the grave's dark gate to a radiant door.

Therein the thousand, before their Lord,
Marched at the summons of his bright sword.

Then the door fell to, the blood left my brain:
And the grave of Glyndwr I lost again.

But still his sword bright before me shone,
O'er Gamélyn moor, as I crossed alone.

And still it shines,—a silver flame,
Across the dark night of the Norman shame.

Oh, bright it shines, and shall brighter gleam,
For all that believe in the Cymraec dream.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

AFTER TALIESIN.

DISCOVER thou,—Who
It was that first grew,
Out of nothing arrayed,
Created, not made,
A Creature strong,
Ere man was, long
Before the Flood?
Without flesh, without blood;
Without veins, without bone;
Without head or foot; grown
Nor more aged nor young
Than when first he forth-sprung
Into life, bold of breath.
Not for him, fear or death:
Not for him, want or care,
Can come near.
Great God! how the foam
Is whipt white if he come,

From out the Unknown,
Oh, most beautiful One!
In the wood and the mead,
How he fares in his speed!
And over the land,
Without foot, without hand,
Without fear of old age,
Or Destiny's rage:
Coeval in time
With the Centuries' prime,
And the Periods Five,—
He fared, strong and live,
Forthright in his pride.
And his wings are as wide
As the ends of the earth:
And none gave him birth:
And his face none has seen,
Though but now he has been
Both afar and at hand,
On the sea, on the land.
And there is no wall
That can bind him; no call
That can bring him from where
The four Regions are.
Unrestrained,—with the day,
He is forth on his way,

From o'er the high throne
Of the pale marble-stone.
Now loud and now dumb,
Discourteous, he is come;
Determined and bold;
O'er the field and the wold;
And blustering sweeps on
To the sea, and is gone.
His banner he flings
O'er the earth as he springs
On his way, but unseen
Are its folds; and his mien,
Rough or fair, is not shown,
And his face is unknown.
From the heat of the sun,
From the cold of the moon,
He drinks splendour and speed:
And the stars urge his steed.
Seven stars are in heaven,
Seven gifts were they given:
And the student of stars
Knows them—Mercury, Mars,
And their kin, and their might.
How the Moon fetches light
From the Sun, too, he knows,
And how freely it flows;

But who tells us, or knows,
Whence came, swift and strong,
This Creature, made long
Ere man was;—and grown
Without flesh, without bone,
Without veins, without blood,
Without hands, without feet,
Strong, fearless, and fleet,—
Ere the flood?

THE BALLAD OF HOWEL THE TALL.

1.

HAWK of war, Howel the Tall,
Prince of men:
Dead is Howel, David slew him;
He will not lead to war again!

Periv once, Kedivor's son,
Sang him so,
Sang his youth and death and passion,—
Now nine centuries ago.

But they say—the bardic poets,
In their rhyme:
Whoso harps those radiant heroes,
Calls them back, as of old time.

Calls them back, and gives them back
 Life and breath
 In the grey and ancient places,
 Where they gave their hearts to death.

And this broken rhyme is made
 For a spell,
 From the shades to summon Howel
 To the Arvon fields he loved so well.

11.

Owain loved an Irish Princess:
 Howel sprang
 Forthright from two passionate races,
 When harp and sword in Arvon rang.

Owain Gwyneth, golden sire
 Of sev'n sons,
 Fathered him: when Death took Owain,
 Seven claimed the crown at once.

First-born of the seven, blighted
 Yorwerth came;
 Then David of the Dagger-stroke,
 And Madoc of the sailor's fame.

David's fingers felt the crown,
And he said,—
'Yorwerth of the broken face;
Ere he reign, be David dead!'

Blighted Yorwerth might not reign,
Wanting grace:
But the swords rang out for Howel,
For the beauty of his face.

Hawk of war! Howel ruled them
Royally:
Till his mother's blood within him
Drew him o'er the Irish Sea.

O, but high the Gaelic welcome
Of her house;
And he stayed to speed the feasting
At their Lammas-tide carouse.

All too long indeed, while David,
Left at home,
Plied Argoed with fine fury:—
'Base-born Howel well may roam.

'Not for me this bastard bred
 Shall be King,
To come anon with Irishry
Of his mother's nurturing:

'Out my sword!' Swift the word,
 Wing'd with fate,
Over sea was sent to Howel:—
'Come, or yet it be too late!'

Through the night the horsemen came,
 Spurring west:
'Hawk of war, arouse! the ravens
Pick to shreds your mountain nest!'

Howel's horn broke up the feast:
 All the night
They galloped thro' the Gadael fields,
And reached the sea at morning light.

As he rode, at Howel's heart
 Stirr'd the strain,
That he sang them while they waited
For the ship to Porth Dinlleyn.

III.

HOWEL'S SONG.

A foaming wave flows o'er the grave
Where Rhivawn lies;
Ah, I love the land beyond Arvon,
Where the trefoil grows and the mountains rise.

I love at eve the seaward stream
Where the seamews brood,
And the sighing vale of Cwm Deuthwr,
Where the nightingale sings in the privet wood.

I love the land where we drank the mead,
And drove the spear,
At green Tegényl's forest-side,
Where my yellow steed outdid the deer;

Where Hunyd's love, and Gwen's white arm,
Defend my doom;
Where Olwen is, and Gwenerys,
And Nesta like the apple-bloom!

A foaming wave cried out all night
 Upon my fate;
Last night I dreamt of an open grave,
A crying wound and a closing gate.

A foaming wave flows o'er the grave
 Of Rhivawn's sleep:
But dig my grave at the forest side,
Where the trefoil grows, and the squirrels leap!

IV.

There sang the heart, whose even-song
 Came too true,
That soon lay rent on Arvon field
By David's dagger through and through.

There pass'd our Prince of Chivalry;
 But our rhyme
May call him yet to Argoed,
'Tis said, as of old time.

The Shepherd there, at nightfall,
 To his sheep
Humming some old warlike rhyme,
May see him cross the steep.

There, late we climbed from Cwm Deuthwr
 Caera's height,
To wait beside the mountain cairn,
The ancient mystery of night.

The mountain drew his purple folds
 Far around,
And the seven tireless torrents
Sent from the Cwm a lonely sound.

From the haunted vale of Howel
 At our feet, .
We surely heard his even-song
Rise mountain-wild and sweet:

'I love at eve the seaward stream,
 Where the seamews brood;
And the sighing vale of Cwm Deuthwr
Where the nightingale sings in the privet wood!'

And surely there, beside the cairn,
 Arose a form
That gazed afar on Arvon field,
Where the cottage fires shone warm?

His mien heroic, round his brow
 The circling bay;
Around his neck the golden torque
Found his dark locks half-way.

v.

So come the stars, so come and go,
 He was gone;
Poised high, amid the mountain-night,
Beneath the stars, we stood alone.

But down the track the shepherds take,
 As we clung
On the torrent's brink, benighted,
And the mountain-fox gave tongue—

Night, nor Time, nor David's dagger,
 Gave a pause
To your deathless rhyme, O Howel,
And, O Wales, your ancient cause!

[c]

THE DEATH-SONG OF ERCWLF.

FROM THE BOOK OF TALIESIN.

THE Elements pass'd,
 Rent and shaken at last,
 Like night into day
 Waned away,
 When Ercwlf the free,
 The gloriously free,
 In a splendour like flame,
 Shone and came.
 On the Mordei shield broke
 His spear's battle-stroke:
 Equal columns, he spread,
 With helms all blood-red,
 In the field, where no threat
 Of dark death-terrors yet
 Daunted Ercwlf the free,—
 'Not the death-pains,' cried he,
 'Give me fear,—
 Far or near!'

Till he went—with the sun,
Of his men fell not one!
None other was slain
Till came the death-pain
On Ercwlf, the piercer
Of walls; and the fiercer
He fought as he fell;—
Who had dared even Hell,
And the Elements' grown dark
With the Shadows that hark
To the Earth-quake, and feel
The World shake like a wheel!
He would pass if he must,
Unafraid, back to dust;
And beyond thee, oh Death,
And beneath,
To Uffern's last deep!
For the fiends that keep
Watch, hideous, there,
Could bring not a fear
To Ercwlf the free.

KING ARTHUR'S SLEEP.

A BALLAD OF BALA FAIR.

I.

ON the morn of sweet St. Martin
Davie drew a hazel wand,
And he singing came to Bala,
With the hazel in his hand.

What he sang, the cock-thrush echoed,
Some wild rhyme of Merlin's doom,
Or the sad refrain of Rhuddlan,
Or the love of Hob and Twm.

From the hill, he heard the harpers,
And the hagglers, in the town,
And his heart leapt up to hear them,
As he sang, and hastened down.

II.

What cobbled ancientry is this comes coughing thro'
the fair,

Davie dear?

Like one from out the grave arisen, the grave-mould
in his hair?

The shepherd boys cry 'Druan!' the Bala maids 'Be-
ware!

Davie dear!'

Yea sure, at sight of Davie's wand, he waits a while
to stare.

'If thou'll take me where thy hazel grew,—ah, this
cough has made me old!'

Davie's told,—

'I'll twine thy wand with silver, and bind thy belt
with gold!'

Can you bear to leave untasted all the fun of Bala Fair,
Davie dear?

'Davie dear!' the maids keep calling. His wand leads
otherwhere.

III.

Far from Bala fair, the Lonnen
Leans against the mountain side;
Far above the Lonnen haystacks,
Drops the brook the hazels hide.

Davie leads, the grey-man follows,
As grey-eve, St. Martin's morn;
While across the Lonnen haystacks,
Now the pale frost-fog is borne.

Davie leads, the grey-man follows;
And he coughs; but Davie sighs
As they climb, and mark the night-fall;
With no lantern but their eyes.

By the torrent, mid the hazels,
Hardly may the grey-man see,
Groping, kneeling, there, a gravestone,
Cast with Druid charactry.

Ach, he coughs; his lean long fingers
Strain upon it, till it stirs,
But a cry from out the torrent,
And the hazels Davie hears!

IV.

Deep as Merlin's grave, the stairway
That descended, gloom on gloom,
Into darkness that no window
Ever yet let sun illumine.

Davie fears, but he must follow:
Till the darkness soars and falls,—
Arched and groined, and looped and lifted,
Like St. David's twilit walls.

And within, a trembling twilight
Surely shewed a thousand men,
All asleep, in shining helmets.
Ah, to see them wake again.

'They are mighty Arthur's warriors!'
Said the grey-man; 'Till the day
When the bell shall ring to wake them,
They must sleep. Then wake for aye!

'With his Knights at the Round Table,—
Owain, Kai, and Percival,—
See,—the little star that crowns him,
There sleeps Arthur, King of all.

'But as Merlin said, not waking
In our time, save yonder bell
Ring,—and see the gold around them
That is ours. Oh, Sirs, sleep well!'

v.

Davie's lips part, wide with wonder,
At the warriors in their sleep,
With such spears, and splendid helmets;
'Ah,' he cries, 'to see them leap

'Forth to life, and march to music,
Flashing all their thousand spears;
Ring, you bell, until King Arthur
Rises, royal, when he hears!'

Still the old man gropes and grumbles
O'er his gold, as Davie's gone;
Hark, ye mystic hall of warriors,
Hark, the bell rings, night is done!

At its stroke, the mountain trembled,
And the thousand spears replied,
Grounding on the mouldy pavement,
As the men rose, side by side.

Oh, the soldiers rise in radiance,
All in motion, helm and spear!
And King Arthur's crown, above them,
Like a star shines steadfast there!

But a voice cried,—'Sleep, King Arthur!
Greed of gold, a boy at play,
Wake thy destined sleep; far distant
Still is the awakening day!'

And King Arthur cried,—'Sleep, soldiers!
Sleep, my spears!' They sank again
Into silence. Round the table
Arthur slept with all his men!

But the old man hastened, stumbling,
From his gold, and grumbling crept,
And drew Davie up the stairway,
Looking back at those who slept.

Far below, the Lonnen windows,
Sent one gleam forth lonelily,
As alone stood Davie, asking,—
'Old man, gold man, where is he?'

VI.

Many a morn, up from the Lonnen,
Davie led his sheep to seek
For the door, but never found it,—
Many a morn, week after week!

Many an eve, too, Davie waited,
Year by year, till he was grown
Stalwart, and the Lonnen pastures,
And the sheep there were his own.

And when he was grey, he told it,
In his sounding mountain tongue
To his grandsons; and they told it
To the harp when songs were sung.

So my grandsire told the story
O'er to me: and long I sought
For King Arthur's Hall,—and seeking,
Yet must wander, finding nought.

Yet we wait the day of waking!
But the grave its counsel keeps:
Still within his Hall of Waiting,
With his warriors Arthur sleeps.

THE WAKING OF KING ARTHUR.

BRECHVA'S HARP-SONG.

LITTLE harp, at thy cry
He shall come in his time;
And thy sword-song on high,
High shall chime.

Little harp, in his heart
Is the fire; in his hand
Are the sword, and the Art,
To command.

Little harp, like the wind
Is his strength; like thy sound
Are his words, to unbind
Every wound.

Little harp, if his name
Be unknown, ye shall hear
How the Stars tell his fame
Far and near.

Little harp, if unknown
He awake, there shall sing
All the Stars, as they crown
Him All-King!

THE DEATH OF MERLIN.

I.—THE SEA-RUMOUR.

I.

THREE sailors pass, by the Water-gate,
 And sing of Merlin, as it grows late.
 Last night they sailed the Irish Sea,
 The bitter sea, in a wild twilight,
 Where its tide swims north to Enlli strait.
 From the Water-gate to Merlin's Tree,—
 They sing to-night
 Of Merlin's death and Annwn's might.

II.

To-night, oh Towy, from the seas,
 We saw their mast o'ertop thy trees,
 The tow rope swayed their top-mast tall;
 While the wind whipt the rain like a tarrying team,
 And the spent leaves speckled thy serpent stream:
 Thro' the sleepy town, what songs are these
 They sing, till they reach the Spital wall,
 And break the dream of Morial?

III.

SAILORS' SONG.

*'Marvellous Merlin is wasted away
With a wicked woman:—woe might she be!
For she hath closed him in a crag
On Cornwall coast.'*

IV.

'A fair sea-tale! What woman could,
With all the red witchery of her blood,
Enchant the Enchanter that is lost?
Her maiden mystery,' Morial said,
'Was Nimua's art, in Merlin's mood.
What iron crag of Cornwall coast,
What cleft of fierce Tintagil's head,
Keeps him that like a flower all Carnac sunward spread?'

II.—THE SECOND SEA-RUMOUR.

I.

Deep, deep is the night, the street deserted:
One house alone wakes broken-hearted:
A candle winks in the window-pane.
The children wake and cry within
At the thing that never yet tear averted.
As the monk sains the dead, another strain
From the quay below, brings the sailor's din
And tells some belated ship is in!

II.

'Yo ho, yo he!' a hearty sound:
But their barque has gotten a sore sea-wound.
Her master hastens from the quay;
At the Spital gate, now hear him knock,
And hum to himself, while on the ground
From his fierce red-beard, and his stained sea-frock,
The salt sea-fret continually
Drops as he drones his sea-mystery.

III.

SHIPMASTER'S SONG.

*Marvellous Merlin is wafted away
 In a sailing island, a ship of glass;
 Far over the edge of the world he's blown
 By Annwn's blast.*

IV.

His voice fell as he sang, forlorn
 As a voice o'er the drown'd five cities borne:
 To a mariner on the winter sea:
 And the monk that came from the dead-chamber,
 With thought of death, grew sad to hear:
 And sad his 'Benedicite?'
 ['Twas Morial spoke], as he turned the key.

V.

The wet night wind went whistling through
 The wicket as he swung it to,
 And the lantern gaped at the red sea-beard.
 'From demons save my soul,' began
 The Shipmaster: 'Hark ye, it blew
 The blackest blast that ever I knew,
 Under Enlli Isle: and we fell afeard,
 For the Isle was adrift, and we barely cleared.

VI.

'Like a ship of glass as white as milk,
With mast of ebon and shroud of silk,
She sailed away. But see in black
Stands Merlin midships, round his head
A ring of white-fire,—while the rack
Screams by o'erhead: and the long-drown'd dead
Stand up to see. But he never looks back:
Tho' the hounds of Annwn are on his track.

VII.

'Oh, the dead cried out, and the sea-worms leapt,
For her keel drag'd fathom deep, and swept
Gulfs dark with demons in her wake!
And they sea-witched us, me and my men,
Till we drank the salt, and never slept,
And for many a moon beat the sea, and then,
Came home, came home! Good Morial, take
Off Satan's curse for Christ His sake!'

VIII.

Next noon, see, on the sunn'd ebbtide,
His ship sails trim from Towy side,
And the sailors sing: but Morial
Thinks of the dead last night, and deems

[D]

That Merlin lies indeed where glide
Those snakes that demons are. His dreams
Make pale moon-paintings on his wall;
Where the drowned sink, saying,—‘Death is all!’

IX.

Oh, then to all else Morial died,
Save scroll and desk, and wall beside:
For Merlin's history let him write!
The Abbot said, and nothing hide:
But year by year the thread unwind
Of Merlin's mystery from his mind;
From demon birth, thro' sin and sleight,
To the dark sea-death in the drifting night.

III.—MORIAL'S DEATH-DREAM.

I.

Now Calan Gauav again draws on,
And many a marching year is gone:
And yet, as thirty years before,
His faith thrice-slain, writes Morial.
He hardly marks the one year more;
The winter dusk stand at the door;
The winter wind sigh in the wall;
The winter leaves by the window fall.

II.

To-night there should have been a moon:
But it rained hard all afternoon,
And chill the early twilight fell,
O'er Merlin's death he bent his head,
To tell the end: 'Now from Annwn,
The demons call;' he writes, 'the bell
[And never a mass for Merlin said,]
Rings thrice in Enlli for the dead!'

III.

With every word he writes, he dies;
The historian with his histories.
The parchment paled as now the pen
With failing charactry made pause
O'er Merlin's demon-obsequies,
Too monstrous to be told of men:
Thrice dead is all that Merlin was:—
'MERLINUS MORTUUS: DEO LAUS!'

IV.

His heart slept there: but sure the gloom
Hid one that spoke within the room,
A face that grew on the grey wall,
And seemed to speak, and fade again
'Beneath Galltvyrthen is my tomb,
Where now the rain drips, Morial:
But I hear the stars at their ancient strain:
And it needs you come where I have lain.'

V.

He knew that voice, that tone of fate;
And cried, 'I come!' The Spital gate
Creak'd as he passed. The wind made spears
Of the shattered rain: his pulses leapt

To feel them fall: his heart grew great
With every gust: his only fears,
To feel how frail the pace he kept;
To feel how slow his stiff feet stept.

VI.

By Towy's tide, o'er Gwili's flood—
Now Morial gains Galltvyrthen wood.
In the heart of the wood the wind lay still;
The moon in the trees lit a silver lamp;
And Morial saw where the Nine Oaks stood
About the grave-stone under the hill,
That rose from the mould and the dead-leaf-damp,
In the twilight of the moon's white lamp.

IV.—THE WAKING OF MERLIN.

I.

‘Merlin!’ he cried. Like nine grey men,
The oaks, he thought, moved nearer then
The door of death, whose mysteries
Gave way at the clay’s rebirth;
As shaking off the grave again,
With all his smouldering fervencies
Regathered from his mother Earth,
Her Marvellous Son stood forth.

II.

But first, half-risen from the clay,
‘Marw a garav,’ he seemed to say—
‘Marw Mordav’—‘Since Mordav’s dead,
I want to die!’ So long ago,
He cried on dread Arderyd’s day,
Thought Morial,—and in his bed
Of death, that crimson stream of woe
Seemed thro’ his dream to flow and flow.

III.

‘Crist Celi’ next he cries, with hands
Heaved trembling up, and forthright stands:

And surely now the nine Oak-trees
 Stand, nine grey Druids, robed in white,
 Armed with the smoking bardic brands,
 And hymn the Eternal Three Essences,
 And weave the rune of the crescent Light,
 Whose dawn-fire breaks on Merlin's night.

IV.

DRUIDS' SONG.

*Marvellous Merlin's awake with the day:
 The Morning Star calls the Dawn from the hill:
 The Flame wakes again on the ash of thy brands,
 Oh sacred hearth!*

*Wild Merlin's awake. The Sun's on his way;
 Where the Elements heard the harp of the Stars,
 That Darkness let shine, as Death does thy Life,
 Oh Cymraec Land!*

V.

Their hymn was done. Their brands the smoke
 Sent branching up; and Merlin spoke:
 'The Soul aspires, past Night's last arch;
 Where they that stained Arderyd's dust,

Cross, to the ardent fields of air ;
And make such music in their march,
Their hearts forget the deadly thrust,
Whose purple decks the robes they wear.

VI.

'Now Morning, from Caer Cennen's steep,
Comes marching,' Merlin cries, 'to keep
Watch on the mountain fastnesses!
Crying to all the Cymraec fields—
Awake! Not long King Arthur's sleep
Shall be, ere while the herd-boy sees
The dawn that yields
The cry of harps, the glancing of his shields!'

VII.

So Morial heard, that might not write
Nor add the morn to Merlin's night.
That ends his mortal chronicle;
And some say still, that many a one
Read Annwn's mark, and dreadful might,
In the dead face of Morial:
There speaks the Night! The Night is done: .
And Marvellous Merlin's Day's begun.

THE FAIRY MASS.

TO NESTA: WHO HEARD THE BELLS IN CAERA WOOD.

THE year is come to its golden moon
And old Midsummer night:
The watchfires will be lighted soon
On Caera's purple height,
To cast on the birchwood below it, the gleam of a
wild firelight.

The Bells are ringing for Fairy Mass,
The birchwood leaves between:
And the birches see the Fairies pass,
In jerkins grey and green:
But the Church of the soulless Fairies, no one has
ever seen.

Their way dips deep in the birchwood's heart:
And soft as chimes the bell,—
They start! they leave their charms apart,
Their Chrissom beads to tell,
And troop to the church where no churchyard is; but
only a forest well.

I know the way the Fairies take:
The Grey Book told before:—
'Twice twine around the birchen brake!
Once down thro' the birchen floor,
And thrice beneath the running brook, brings then
to a buried door.'

No one may find the Fairy door,
But there came a subtler smell
Than e'er was brewed from the forest store,
And the dead leaves in the well:
And there came upon the wind again the chime of an
elfin bell.

Oh, surely then the door swung wide,
The secret censers sent their smoke
That, floating on the cool night-tide,
Was wafted here, and broke
In forest fragrance thousand-fold, where the birches bow
to the Druid Oak.

But now the first wild wing of fire
Flies from the mountain tops;
The wood-doves coo; and a fainter choir
Is heard as the elf-bell stops,—
A hymn that can never to heaven, but dies in the
hazel copse.

The little people weep within,
As they hark to the Holy Mass:
At heart, they pray for the mortal sin
Of man, that lets him pass
The Bridge of Dread; for the Fairies tire, they tire
the reed and the grass.

They tire of birch and holly tree,
They tire of moth and snake;
They tire of the herring in the sea,
The greybird in the brake!
Earth folds all fast asleep again; the Fairies it cannot
take.

Last night we went by Celyn Church,
Whose chancel breaks the waves,
And there, around the crumbling porch,
The small folk swept the graves,
And prayed, you said, for that pale sleep of ours, that
slays and saves:

In salt sea sand, or holly mould,
Sweet may we sleep at last,
Oh Nesta, ere our dreams grow cold,
Or out of heaven are cast!
Or we come back to Caera wood, and find the fairies
pass'd!

TWO LITTLE BALLADS OF IEVAN'S
WIFE.

I.—THE MEAD BREWING.

O H, Ievan had a strong hand,
And a long arm, on my life!
But a better still than Ievan—
Ievan's wife!

'He topp'd our six-foot settle
Like a tree when he sat in it,'
Said Hob, 'But *she* was little—
Like a linnet!'

'When he came from watching Howel,
With the white wine and the water,
I washed his eyes, and wondered!'
Said Hob's daughter.

By Gallt he had his strong-house—
Walls without; wife within!
Little love was lost 'twixt Ievan
And her kin!

But most of all, hot Howel
Hated Ievan; and he could,
He had sworn to draw his stronghold,
Have his blood!

Stand fast, oh house! and firm,
Upon the shaken earth;
Guests come by night, red-handed,
To thy hearth!

But my lady still kept order;
As the harp within the hall,
Her silver tongue drew silence
O'er them all.

Now to harry Gallt comes Howel,
But Ievan hunts the Dee,
And his wife is left to warden
His roof-tree!

To make the mead, that morning,
Her maids were seething wort,
When the whoop of Howel's horsemen
Cut them short.

Robin Inco, as he heard them,
Spied the rascals from the roof;
'Oh, my lady, they're upon us,
Tail and hoof!'

'Poor maids, we're lost,' cries Megan;
But my lady,—'Maidens, fly
For your milkpails! hot metheglin
They shall try!'

And every man that came there
Had a pailful for his pain;
And liked it not, but steaming,
Fled again.

All day in vain did Howel
Every door and vantage try;
The men before the maidens
Were grown shy!

He called them off at midnight:
‘When next she brews,’ said he,
‘The mead for Ievan’s funeral
It shall be!’

My lady laughed: ‘To spite him,
We’ll live to end his strife!’
And they did, too, till the Plague slew
Man and wife!

TWO LITTLE BALLADS OF IEVAN'S
WIFE.

II.—IEVAN'S FUNERAL.

‘**T**O Gallt, to Gallt,’ said Howel,
‘To-morrow ere night fall,
We drink the mead at Ievan’s
Funeral !’

‘An ambush to waylay him,
And a dagger from behind him
May by the green grave stay him,
We shall find him !’

Now Ievan to the tourney
Held in Chirkland by Sir John,
They knew, upon the morrow
Must be gone.

[E]

At early morn : 'Dear Lowry,'
Said Ievan, 'this sweet day,
'A mile or so, come set us
On our way!'

So far as Maes Penmorva,
Her white hand on his rein,
She went: and then turned singing,
Home again :—

'Oh, the life of those white mornings,
When the hoar-frost feels the sun,
And the leaves of grass grow fragrant,
Every one!

'When the leveret:'—there the music
Left her lips; for hark a noise—
Horse and hoof, and restless Howel's
Hungry voice!

Like a birch, she leant to listen;
Like a linnet, found her way
Through the hazel, crying, 'Howel,
Howel, stay!'

Her white hand caught his bridle,
But the flat of his tall brand
Like a flail, beat down in fury
Her white hand!

On they ride,—his men behind him,
To the bridge; but while the gate
Stays him, she finds the footpath,
Steep and straight!

A broken bridge-rail armed her;
And quick as Howel came,
Her long-stroke left his sword-arm
Hanging lame.

'Have women wings?' said Ievan,
'Hark! 'tis Lowry, as you will,
That calls; her white hand beckons
From yon hill!

'Robin halt!' They look and listen;
And lo! like buried drums,
With his hundred hoofs behind him,
Howel comes!

Howel came! but Robin Inco
Was a rock 'mid Ievan's men,
When Howel and his horsemen
Charged again.

And Twm-bach, Howel's dagger—
When he the blue steel drew there,
At Ievan's back, bold Robin
Ran him through there.

With many a curse then Howel
Cried off, his hounds at heel—
Save Twm-bach, who had tasted
Robin's steel!

But many a night, the maidens
At Gallt, told in the hall,
The merry tale of Ievan's
Funeral:

Ay, of Ievan, and my lady:
How she said, 'Go, Robin, ride
With my lord to-day, and leave not
Ievan's side!'

And if we ride, my masters,
Or if we hark the harp,
May our wives have hearts as mighty,
Wit as sharp!

And Ievan's fame forever
Fill this Tudor time of strife;
But a better still than Ievan,—
Ievan's wife!

THE POET OF THE LEAVES.

DAVYTH AP GWILYM.

THE wall-flower grows on Rhosyr walls,
 Where Morvyth's roses grew below,
 When Davyth sung: the cock-thrush calls,—
 The clear sweet note he used to know.

The morning laughs with minstrelsy,
 The blackbird's matin-bell is rung
 From the top-branches of yon tree,
 Whose age was youth when Davyth sung.

His spirit cannot all be gone
 From this green place he used to roam;
 Where all he loved so still lives on—
 Save Morvyth's roses in their bloom.

The birches drape their silvery sheen,
The oak-trees entertain the Day
With a more splendid pomp of green,
For the green leafage of his lay.

The trees are greener; and the birds
But now a rarer matin rung.
The soul of such undying words
Still haunts the place where Davyth sung.

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BOOK.

CONTAINING THE POEMS OF DAVYTH AP GWILYM,
 'THE POET OF THE LEAVES.'

IN this Green Book every leaf
 Tells his gaiety, or grief,
 Who, for love and Morvyth's sake,
 Birchen-grove and hazel-brake
 Haunted still, wherever she
 Led in her shy forestry.

Here's the page tells how he stood
 Waiting in the early wood,
 Earlier than the summer sun
 Drops the dappled rays that run
 Thro' the fern like fairy-folk,
 Or the squirrel in the oak.

There he stood, beneath the leaves,
Till she came, with silken sleeves,
Till she came—so golden tress'd
That the sunbeam from its nest
Seemed to waken ere its hour,
As lamps may wake a sleepy flower.

Yellow, yellow was her hair.
When their heads together there
Bent so close, it seem'd the broom
Transplanted to the beechen gloom:
For his hair was yellow too,
And fell and rhymed with hers in hue.
Happy rhymers, whose mischance
Was his rapture and romance;
Since 'twas only 'mid the trees
He might drink love's mysteries
At her side, or in her eyes
Find his poet's paradise.

Here it tells, that starrier
Eyes may grow, that are not near;
Passing, star-like, where the sight
Cannot drink them day and night.

Truly wedded they might be
Underneath the beechen tree.
But a wicked dwarf there was,
Bwa-bach, that came, alas!
Crooked as the elder tree,
And broke upon their forestry,—
And paid the law to break the law,
As dwarfs may do. And Davyth saw
Them bear away the destined one,
Ere sung his Prothalamion.
Rarely then might Morvyth come
With the morning, or the hum
Of the moth. The fates so tease
From poets sweeter minstrelsies.

Sweeter songs were never flung
At hard fate, than Davyth sung,
As he waited in the dream
Of her gold's irradiate gleam;
Thinking always that the leaves
Told the rustle of her sleeves;
Sorrowing then, lest never more
She would cross the leafy floor
Of the forest where each tree
Sighed a lost felicity.

Every birch tree, every bird
That o'er-sang the forest sward,
Kept his secret, fed his song,—
Feathered arrows for his wrong:—
And their quiver is this book,
Where, if you but truly look,
You shall find some dart that will
Ease the bow of sorrow still.

But, alas! of all he sung,
Only in his ancient tongue,
May its perfect tune be caught.
Here you have, yet have it not,
Like a whistled melody,
When the singer is not by.
Now, my rhyme can never tell
All the Green Book's chronicle:—
Nor, how first in Bangor's choir
On her fell the mystic fire
Thro' the painted panes, and stole
A sun ray for an aureole,
To crown the sudden loveliness
Never to be wholly his.

Never quite to us is brought
All the heav'n of which we thought;
Never quite, that visioned glory
Gave its gold up to the story
Of the Poet of the Leaves.
But his song, the while it grieves
Grows but sweeter to the ear.
Gone his grief this many a year;
But the Green Book keeps his rhyme
Living to the end of time.

THE COMING OF OLWEN.

FROM 'KILHWCH AND OLWEN,' IN THE MABINOGION.

THE message was sent, and the maiden came;
Her pale form wreathed in a robe of flame.

About her neck was a samite fold,
With emerald and ruby and ruddy gold.

More yellow her hair than the flower of the broom:
Her skin more white than the white sea-foam.

Far fairer her hands and her fingers were
Than the wind-flowers trained by the wood wáter.

More bright than the sparrowhawk's eye, her glance,—
Or the spray of the meadow-fountain's dance.

Her bosom was more snowy white
Than the swan that swims in the clear sunlight.

And never roses were seen so red
As her parting lips that their petals spread.

Where'er on the forest floor she stept,
Beneath her feet four trefoils leapt.

The forest flowers made a name:
They murmured OLWEN and she came.

Who sees her once cross the forest floor,
Must follow pale Olwen for evermore.

THE GRAVE OF GWEN.

AFTER LLYWARCH HËN.

SWEET sings the bird on the fragrant tree
 O'er the head of Gwen. In the grave, how
 lies he
 Whose hand once Hën's armour could bend mightily.

Last night, all the night, while slept all his men:
 His shield on his arm, by the Llawen sat Gwen:
 'Here I stay!' said he,—'son of Llywarch Hën.'

Blow, blow on the horn that Urien gave!
 With the little gold wreath on its rim. It shall save
 Thee, Gwen, at the thrust of the base and the brave.

Last night, all the night, in the dark sat Gwen:
 By Morlas ford, the grey morn saw him slain:
 'Here I stay!' said he,—'son of Llywarch Hën.'

To the ford, while yet the grey daybreak is dim,
The men of Lloegyrr are come, brave and grim;
There is blood on his hair where the spears sprang
at him.

Oh, sweet sings the bird on the fragrant tree
O'er the head of Gwen; to-night, there lies he;
In the stones and blue clay asleep quietly.

Last night, all the night, while asleep lay his men,
His shield on his shoulder, by the Llawen sat Gwen:
'Here I stay,' said he, 'son of Llywarch Hën!'

The three best men that all Welsh land had,
Were mine. They went to their death when I
bade;
Eithir and Erthir are gone; and Argad!

Four and twenty, my sons were then:
And the gold-torque was theirs, all princes of men!
But the youngest of all, and the best, was Gwen.

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN
IN HIS OLD AGE.

DECREPIT, wretched, broken, old;—
Are these the scathless limbs, grown cold,
Of which the men of Argoed told?

Old crutch, whose burden I am grown,
What of my youth, this long while flown,—
That marched with shouldered spear, alone?

Alas! is not the harvest here,
When the rush grows yellow, the bracken sere?
What I hated once,—the fall of the year!

Old crutch! Is that the winter's rain?
Or the merry men at the hearth again?
They forget the dark bedside of Llywarch Hën.

[F]

Old crutch! Is not the spring new-come?
When the cuckoo's brown, and bright the foam,
When the maidens sing the tired men home!

Old crutch! Is not the summer in?
The green blades curl; the blackbirds sing,
And the young to sharpen their beaks begin.

Alas,—I ask in my wretchedness
I know not what. The years may press,
But I cannot mark their more and less.

This leaf the wind drives down in the mould,—
(Woe, woe to the leaf, when the wind grows cold),
This year it was born, this year it is old.

The four things I hated the most, descend,
Fierce, hosted, upon me, who have not a friend:
Old age, coughing, sickness and grief without end.

Oh, wretched the lot decreed Llywarch Hën,
On the night he was born. Great sorrow and pain,
Long sorrow, and no deliverance from pain.

THE VOYAGE OF BRAN

TO EMAIN: THE
ISLE OF IM-
MORTAL YOUTH.

*'At last Brân fell asleep, such
was the sweetness of that music.
When he awoke, he saw by him a
branch of silver with white blossoms,
and he took the branch into his royal
house. And when the host was
come in, behold, a woman in strange
raiment there: and she sang these
quatrains.'*

A BRANCH of the apple-tree I bring,
Afar in Emain blossoming;
White twigs of silver crest its boughs
Of crystal, gleaming as it grows.

Westward the land lies, far away;
Around, the white sea-horses play;
Four feet, beneath it, bear and urge
Its course against the swelling surge.

Four feet of palest bronze upbear
It thro' the endless ages there:
Fair Isle, where Time, continual,
Hears but the apple-blossoms fall.

There blooms the gleaming deathless tree,
On which the birds with harmony
Of many a song intone the Hours
Amid the fragrant apple-flowers.

And on the silent, listening lawns
Are flowers of rarest radiance;
And shining plains where song is loud
Lie southward like a silver cloud.

Sans grief, sans sorrow and swift death,
Sans pain, and age's agued breath:
There is the sign, beyond the sea,
Of Emain, everlastingly.

The soft sea haze around its strand
Hides all day long the lovely land;
Amid the sea like a crystal set,
With the tossing spray of the sea-manes wet.

The beautiful women and radiant men
The Gentle country call it when
They hark to its music's rise and fall,
And drink of its wine ambrosial.

Their golden chariots float and ride
To greet the Sun, upon the tide;
And yellow the steeds, and dun and grey,
That gallop down to meet the Day.

There comes at dawn the destined one
Whose forehead flames like the rising sun;
Across the eastern plains he trod
And stirred the sea till it was blood.

Low-born, but his the Heaven so high;
(The white of heart shall see him nigh;)
With the pure white water, many a pain
He heals; he makes men whole again.

Across the sea, he waits the host
Whose wake may tell the seas they crost;
They come, they row to the Druid Stone
That sings a thousand strains in one.

It sings a strain unto the host
Of the ages long, and the seas they crost:
And as they hear, they draw the breath
Of Life that knows not age nor death.

They land, they leap on the level plains,
And drink again the deathless strains,
That make old sorrows fall away,—
And death, and trouble, and decay.

There is the Land where Brân shall go,
And hear the strains, and the beauty know
Of the gleaming plains where comes no gloom,
In Emain of the apple-bloom.

But westward, far and long must row
The boat of Brân to the Land below—
Of the beautiful women and radiant men
Whence none but Brân may come again.

TWILIGHT AT ABER-FRAW.

THE Sabbath evening closes
In peace upon the sea,
And yon pale wave that flows is
Your messenger to me.

To Aber-Fraw the silent,
Its princely shades return,
But not the Princess I lent
The land where she was born.

The evening lights look lonely
From out the seaward street,
That used to beacon only
At eve, your tired feet.

Pale windows, darker doorways,
There look for you to come:
But love knows there are more ways
To call its sailors home.

And as the evening closes,
Your mystic sail I see:
And each pale wave that flows is
Your messenger to me.

THE WEDDING OF PALE BRONWEN.

THE wind was waked by the morning light,
 And it cried in the gray birch-tree,
 And the cry was plain in Bronwen's bower,
 'Oh, Bronwen, come to me!'

Pale, pale sleeps Bronwen, pale she wakes,
 'What bird to my bower is flown?'
 For my lover, Red Ithel, is at the wars
 Before Jerusalem town.'

But still the wind sang in the tree,
 'Come forth, 'tis your wedding morn;
 And you must be wed in Holy Land
 Ere your little babe is born.'

And still the wind had her true-love's cry,
 'Kind Bronwen, come!' until
She could not rest, and rose and looked
 O'er the sea beyond Morva Hill.

And afar came the cry over Morva Hill,
 'Kind Bronwen, come to me!'
Till she could not stay, for very love,
 And stole away to the sea.

She crossed the hill to the fishing-boats,
 And away she sailed so fine,
'Is it far, my love, in the summer sun
 To the shores of Palestine?'

There was no sun at sea that day
 To watch Pale Bronwen drown,
But the sun was hot on the deadly sands
 Before Jerusalem town.

All day Red Ithel lay dying there,
 But he thought of the far off sea;
And he cried all day till his lips grew white,
 'Kind Bronwen, come to me!'

And so it passed till the evening time,
And then the sea-wind came,
And he thought he lay on Morva Hill
And heard her call his name.

He heard her voice, he held her hand,
'This is the day,' she said,
'And this is the hour that Holy Church
Has given for us to wed.'

There was no strength in him to speak,
But his eyes had yet their say,
'Kind Bronwen, now we will be wed
Forever and ever and aye!'

Beneath the sea pale Bronwen lies,
Red Ithel beneath the sand;`
But they are one in Holy Church
One in love's Holy Land.

Red Ithel lies by Jerusalem town,
And she in the deep sea lies;
But I trow their little babe was born
In the gardens of Paradise.

BEFORE YOU SAIL, SWEET SAILOR.

BEFORE you sail, sweet sailor,
I'll whistle to the south,
And the sea-wind shall be softer
Than honey in the mouth.

The mountains shall stand closer,
To keep away the storm,
And the southern sun shall sweetheart
The wind, till it be warm.

With sun and wind, sweet sailor,
I served you from of old:
The wind shall wing your vessel,
The sun shall give it gold.

THE LAMENT FOR CYNDYLAN.

AFTER LLYWARCH HEN.

I.—THE BIER.

LOOK forth, young maids, Cyndylan's lands afire!
O'er Pengwern's palace-court the flames leap
higher:
Woe for his youth, young maids, and youth's desire!

The tendril loved the tree that stood alone:
The tendril still is left; the tree is gone:
And He who willed it so,—His will be done!

Cyndylan's heart to-night has felt the frost:
Here, thro' his head, see where the boar spear thrust!
The ale of Tren's spilt in a crimson dust.

All Powys knew thy purple courtesy:
But now, Cyndylan, all is cast from thee!
Tren, Tren lies waste: and fallen is the tree.

Ha, Lion-heart! Heart of the hound and hawk
Cyndrwyn's cub! When, when the carnage broke—
To save the town of Tren, thy shield took every
stroke!

Now sick at heart, to-night, we sadly place
Together the black planks above thy face
And thy fair flesh, Cyndylan; God have grace!

II.—THE HALL IN DARKNESS.

The Hall of Cyndylan's dark to-night:
The hearth is cold that burnt so bright:
My tears fall down in the ashes white.

The Hall of Cyndylan is dark to-night:
Without cheer of fire or candlelight;
None there, save God! Lord keep me aright!

Dark, dark to-night is Cyndylan's hall,
Where once the red fire light cheered the wall:
The silence creeps and spreads o'er all.

The door of Cyndylan swings wide to-night
In the wind, on Carreg Hetwyth's height:
Its guests are gone, in its dark despite.

The Hall of Cyndylan is bitter chill:
Where my harp had honour, the wind is shrill,
Where the guests once gathered on Hetwyth hill.

Ah, Hall of Cyndylan, it pierces me,
Where once was thy hearth's warm courtesy,
To-night thy sombre walls to see.

III.—THE EAGLES.

I.

The Eagle of Æli keeps the seas:
He will not fish in the salmonries:
Let him cry for blood! The feast is his!

The Eagle of Æli is up and abroad,
At dawn he will feast in the breast of the wood:
And his feast shall be on my new-slain lord.

The Eagle of Æli is up and abroad,
He lifts his beak from Cyndylan's blood;
To-night, his eyrie's in Brochwael's wood.

II.

The Eagle of Pengwern, with gray horn-beak!
He cries defiance; his wrath he will wreak!
On the flesh of Cyndylan his rage shall break.

The Eagle of Pengwern with grey horn-beak,
From afar he comes, his prey to seek!
On the flesh of my lord his rage he will wreak.

The Eagle of Pengwern: afar let him call
To-night, from Tren to Cyndylan's Hall:
And Tren, like Troy, mid its fires shall fall.

IV.—THE WHITE TOWN.

The White Town lies in the dip of the wood,
The green grass near is stained with the blood,
That has ever been shed of its lustihood.

The White Town, famed in the countryside,
For its grey still days, and its warlike pride,
Saw through the red blood, its warriors ride.

The White Town, halfway between Tren
And Trodwyd, shall not see again¹
The kine at eve, for the blood of the slain.

The White Town, still it gleams through the bough
Twixt Tren and Traval; but its fallow now
Is red with blood where travelled the plough.

V.—THE CHURCHES OF BASSA.

The Churches of Bassa their graveyards keep
To-night for my lord Cyndylan's sleep:
Oh, men of Argoed! Cyndylan weep.

The Churches of Bassa are lovely to-night:
The trefoils cover their graves from sight:
But the leaves are red in the faint starlight.

The Churches of Bassa are rich by the loss:
Their earth hides Cyndylan, beneath the cross:
But the trefoils are red, and crimson the moss.

The Churches of Bassa! their graves shall grow,
Till Cyndylan's kin to the long sleep go:
He that knoweth the heart, these things may know.

THE RISING OF THE LARK.

SING away, high singer!
 We will listen:
 You were always good-news bringer,
 Singing as the dewdrops glisten,
 Purely for the joy of light:
 Sing away!

Sing the joy of life, the loving,
 And the rapture of the height;—
 After day's celestial roving,
 Grassy rest terrene of night;
 Then the dawn comes following:
 Sing away!

Sing: it is the new-come Spring:
 Little lover, sing away!
 Seven sunny days in seven,

Grey of morn to red of even,
Bud and leaf and blossom sing,
And a callow brood in May!

Sweet and glad! ah tender-hearted,
Sing for joy of life to-day,
Fresh as when the pœan started
First in Paradise, the lay
Of a whole world's holiday.

Grey of morn to red of even,
Little lover, sing away:
Sing the soaring way to heaven:
Sing the old and new love-song,
Sing, for love and life are long:
 Sing away!

THE SONG OF THE GRAVES.

FROM THE BLACK BOOK OF CARMARTHEN.

IN graves where drips the winter rain,
Lie those that loved me most of men:
Cerwyd, Cywrid, Caw, lie slain.

In graves where the grass grows rank and tall,
Lie, well avenged ere they did fall:
Gwrien, Morien, Morial.

In graves where drips the rain, the dead
Lie, that not lightly bowed the head:
Gwrien, Gwen, and Gwried.

In Llan Beuno, where the sullen wave
Sounds night and day, is Dylan's grave,
In Bron Aren, Tydain the brave.

Where Corbre gives Tarw Torment space,
By a grave-yard wall, in a ruined place,
The stones hide Ceri Gledivor's face.

Where the ninth wave flows in Perython,
Is the grave of Gwalchmai, the peerless one:
In Llanbadarn lies Clydno's son.

Seithenin's lost mind sleeps by the shore,
Twixt Cinran and the grey sea's roar;
Where Caer Cenedir starts up before.

After many a death, in cold Camlan
Sleeps well the son of old Osfran:
Bedwyr the Brave lies in Tryvan.

In Abererch lies Rhyther' Hael,
Beneath the earth of Llan Morvael:
But Owain ab Urien in lonelier soil.

Clad in umber and red, the spear at his side,
With his shining horses he went in pride:
From his grave in Llan Heled he cannot ride.

After wounds, and bloody plains and red;
White horses to bear him, his helm on his head:
This, even this, is Cyndylan's bed.

Whose is the grave of the four square stones?
Who lies there, of the mighty ones?
Madawg the warrior, of Gwyneth's sons!

Mid the dreary moor, by the one oak-tree,
The grave of stately Siawn may be:
Stately, treacherous, and bitter was he!

Mid the salt sea-marsh, where the tides have been,
Lie the sweet maid, Sanaw: the warrior, Rhyn;
And Hennin's daughter, the pale Earwyn.

Where's the grave of Beli, the bed of Braint?
One's in the plain, and one in Llednaint;
By Clwaint water lies Dehwaint.

In Ardudwy, I bid my grief
Find the grave of Llia, the Gwythel chief,
Under the grass and the withered leaf.

And this may the grave of Gwythur be;
But who the world's great mystery,—
The grave of Arthur shall ever see?

Three graves on Celvi's ridge are made;
And there are Cynveli and Cynvael laid;
The third holds rough-browed Cynon's head.

The long graves in Gwanas—none has told
Their history—what men they hold,
What deeds, and death, beneath their mould.

Of Oeth's and Auoeth's fame we know:
Who seeks their kin, left naked now,
To dig in Gwanas' graves may go.

THE SONG OF THE THREE
YEW-TREES.

HEART of Earth, let us be gone
From this rock where we have stayed
While the sun has risen and shone
Ten thousand times, and thrown our shade
Always in the same self-place.

Now the night draws on apace;
The day is dying on the height;
The wind brings cold sea-fragrance here,
And cries, and restless murmurings,
Of wings and feet that take to flight
When night is near,—
Of furry feet and feathery wings
That take their joyous flight at will
Away and over the hiding hill,
And into the lands where the sun has fled.

O let us go, as they have sped,—
The soft swift shapes that left us here,
The gentle things that came and went,
And left us in imprisonment!
Let us be gone, as they have gone,
Away, and into the hidden lands;—
From rock and turf our roots uptear,
Break from the clinging keeping bands
Out of this long imprisoning break;
At last, our sunward journey take,
And far, to-night, and farther on,
Heart of Earth, let us be gone!

THE LAMENT FOR URIEN.

FROM THE RED BOOK OF HERGEST.

I.

A HEAD I bear;—the Eagle of Gál,
 Whose wing once brushed the mountain wall;
 The Pillar of Prydain has come by a fall.

A head I bear by the side of my thigh:
 He was the shield of his own country:
 A wheel in battle; a sword borne high.

The Pillar of Prydain is fallen down:
 Urien, Prince of our houses, is gone:
 His heart was a castle, a walléd town.

A head I bear and hold in my hand,
 That late was the Prince of Prydain's land,
 That harried the host, as the sea the strand.

A head I bear, from the Riw to the wood:
His lips are closed on a foam of blood;
Woe to Reged! Let Urien be rued!

II.

The delicate white body will be buried to-day:
The delicate white body, be hidden away
Deep in the earth, and the stones, and the clay.

The delicate white body will be covered to-night,
Under earth and blue stones, from the eye of light:
The nettles shall cover it out of sight.

The delicate white body will be covered to-day,
The tumulus be reared, the green sod give way:
And there, oh Cynvarch, thy son they will lay.

The delicate white body will be covered to-night:
Oh Eurdyl, be sad: no more thy delight,
Thy brother shall rise from his sleep in might.

THE BALLAD OF THE LAST PRINCE.

PRELUDE.

AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

First Citizen.

‘WHAT dabbled death’s-head there looks down
From the Tower wall upon the town?
’Tis crowned, I think, with a silver crown:
The smoke lies low this wintry day,
But the throng is great on London way.’

Second Citizen.

‘Their Last Prince, crown’d and made a king,
With ivy leaves on a silver string,
[Archbishop John calls him Leolin]
Made royal with a rusty spear,
Tastes London smoke for Christmas fare.’

His fallen head that he held so high,
Looks vainly now for the banks of Wye,
Between the smoke and the sulky sky:
But his heart is left in a greener grave,
Than you, O London, ever gave!

His heart is left to a sounder sleep,
In the pleasant land he sought to keep;
On Irvon side may his grave be deep!
But his voice shall yet, like the voice of Brân,
End the mystic message it began!

I.—THE GREEN PARLIAMENT.

'Twas in twelve hundred and seventy-five,
Our last Prince felt his heart alive,
And his star more fiercely for him strive:
 Ay, its starry fire was in his blood,
 As he rode by night thro' Cemaes wood.

The mountains rose,—his castle wall;
The birch-trees bowed, his warriors tall:
He heard in the hidden waterfall
 The thunder of a thousand spears:
 The rivers ran, his messengers.

So on he rode to Aber glen,
Alone, by night, and came again,
Ere yet the white morning waked his men,
 To the castle under the mountain wall;
 The hounds bay loud at his horn's clear call.

Oh, Aber glen is a secret place,
Where the hills know never a Norman face:
Beyond the castle a steep league's space,
They reared the Red Dragon and pitched the tent,
For Llewelyn the Last's Green Parliament.

The Dragon Red rode proudly there,
Like a painted cloud on the summer air,
And many a shaft and many a spear
Grew out of the green, and many a horn
Hung in the leaves of the mountain thorn.

'Now Edward Longshanks o'er the sea
Comes striding out from Normandy,'
Said Grono, 'and the Irishry
Have joined his host. On, on they ride,
Whose hostage, Prince, is your pale bride!'

And who is this, in a Blackfriar's dress,
Has found the Prince amid the press
At nightfall by the castle wall?
He brings the news from Cornwall shore,
'Lost, lost is the Lady Eleanor!'

[H]

II.—THE LADY ELIN.

At dawn, the Prince knelt down and prayed,
When he heard within the waking glade
The whistling throstle pipe o'erhead:

He pipes to his love so sweet a song,
The Prince for his stolen bride plays long.

Sing, Speckle-breast, the spell of love!
The mountain Eagle woos the Dove:
'Your truce be made!' Llewelyn said:
'To the marriage feast at Worcester ride
My mountain spears to meet my bride!'

'Enough of war, enough of death,
The new-come spring with its wooing breath,
Stoops o'er the earth, and the birds bring mirth,
And the touch of a tender woman's hand
Shall heal the trouble of the land.'

The squirrels in the birchwood play,
Where the trefoil bled but yesterday:
The rain has washed the red away:
 And for the chiding bugle now,
 The harps are achime at Aber-Fraw.

In love, to the lady of Snowdon knelt
The hearts of all that around her dwelt,
From Druid Mon down to Caerleón:
 By love she led our mountain men,
 Like lost sheep to green fields again.

A passing while: when Eleanor
Her little daughter, Gwenllian, bore,—
Oh, bitter was her travailing hour!
 The sweet babe cried, but she was gone:
 Her babe she never looked upon.

Her grave lay green at Aber-Fraw,
But the sands have filled the grave-yard now:
And there they laid with the sleeping dead,
 The peace she brought. Now weeps her lord,
 Whose every tear shall edge a sword.

III.—THE WISEWOMAN.

'Why, sands of Fraw, does he cross so late?'
'He seeks the Wisewoman at Croesor Gate:'
She knows the stars that rule his wars;
 She knows their footsteps as they pass,
 And the green people in the grass.

Llewelyn rides by night alone,
To Croesor Gate by ways unknown;
'Tis a keen March night, with a wild starlight,
 And the night-wind sighs at the forest-side,
 Where once he rode with his joyous bride.

'Who comes?' said the Woman to the Wood,
'A stricken heart, or a Prince of the blood?
For the Tree of Evil or of Good?
 My dream-maid sings, but a shroud she weaves,
 And I see a crown but of ivy-leaves!'

Llewelyn alights: he stands at her side:
Is it sleep that makes her so heavy-eyed?
Was that an owl in the ivy cried?

Her eyes drooped low as his stars she read,—
The ivy crown, the piteous head.

‘Few moons,’ she said, ‘ere Christmas ring,
Then they shall make my Prince a king,
[With ivy, alack, on a silver string,]
Ay, crown’d and royal he shall ride
To London Tower, down fair Cheapside!’

No more she said; the first cock crew,
And the stars grew pale with all they knew:
But the Prince grew fey as he fared on his way:
He could not see, when she told his stars,
How one by one, fell her fatal tears!

IV.—THE DEATH TRYST.

Now, fill the branch, ye Arvon yews
Shall make the bow! The metal fuse,
Ye iron-pits of old Caersws,
Shall shape the sword and weld the shield!
Once more Llewelyn takes the field.

The winter rust is on the fern,
And the Prince is gone, while the marches burn,
The way he never may return:
The Ystwyth grumbles to the Wye,—
'What bale-fire is it burns the sky?'

Oh, the men of Builth have much to pay
For the Friday before St. Lucie's day:
The Prince comes late to their castle gate,
But the cowards are full of cold alarms,
And he brings but a handful of men-at-arms.

A bitter night! The black sleet falls,
As they turn him away from their blacker walls.
'Lest they should know our track in the snow,
There's Red Madoc,' said Grono, 'whose shoeing
forge
Shall reverse our hoofs, and baffle St. George!'

Llewelyn laughed at the sodden floor,
And the sullen mouth Red Madoc wore:
His mantle drapes the crumbling door,
To hide the fire. With a tale and a song
They keep the long night from seeming long.

At dawn it cleared with a breath of frost,
And the Wye's rough music was lightly crossed
By a far-off drum; 'Ay, the rascals come!'
Llewelyn cried; 'If we keep the bridge,
The place is ours from river to ridge.'

'Twelve Snowdon spears!' Sir Grono cried,
'And I hold the bridge! To thy trysting ride,
With Towy's Lord, and keep thy word!'
He held the bridge, but the fight was stayed:
Elias and Madoc the ford betrayed.

Elias—oh dog! leads them safe across:
Three Spanish lances are all their loss:
They gallop apace to the trysting place:
 There's a roofless barn above the tide,
 A swordless knight that waits beside!

Alone, unarm'd! One murderous stroke,
And the back that never bent is broke:
The dreadful purple stains his cloak:
 The sky grows dark. They little knew
 What star they quenched, what light they slew!

All day he lingers, but cannot die:
He thinks the barn is the chapelry,
Where sweet sing the choir-boys—'Ave Marie!'
 O'er the snow at dusk, by Mary sent,
 A poor Whitefriar brings the sacrament.

V.—MOUNTAIN LIBERTY.

The dying man to the Whitefriar gave
A script to drop in the seaward wave:
But when I went by the water of Wye,
Where the Irvon mingles its mountain strain,—
Llewelyn's dirge,—his script grew plain!

The Bard-of-the-Shining-Brow, of old,
Wrote our testament in triple gold:—
'Their ancient speech they still shall hold!
Of their ancient Land still keep a part!
Their Lord still praise with a fervent heart!'

This one word more, our Last Prince wrote,
With his heart-blood,—a trumpet note!
To fire our song as we press on,
Led forth by what starry Destiny;
One last word—MOUNTAIN LIBERTY!

A CASTLE IN WALES.

MIDSUMMER, 1895.

1.

THIS is the castle of old romance!
This is the hill where the muses sang,
When Merlin's harp, from the sea's expanse
Called the cold sea-maids from the dance,
And the echo in the sea-walls rang.

II.

And of later time, hark, the living word!
Like a trumpet rouse in the castle-close,—
Then the voice of Elias o Von was heard;
And to the heart the hills were stirred,
When a thousand sang, and the psalm arose.

III.

But now is the hour of other things;
Another note fills the castle square,
Where a motley minstrel sprawls and sings,
And his harp is strung with banjo strings,
While the patchouli swoons on the sea-salt air!

IV.

Banjo Obligato: Cockney Cadence:—

*You may hear the girls declare,
As I walk around the square,
There's the man that broke the bank at Monte
Carlo.*

V.

This is the hour of the destined man,
Him that the elements winged and shod,—
The conquering cosmopolitan!
Behold, oh ancient mountain clan,
Behold the new hero, the new-found god!

VI.

And hark to his different litany,
And learn his Cockney's better part,
Who serves his maker by the sea,
With banjo and with patchouli,
So far beyond your Merlin's art!

VII.

Banjo Obligato: Cockney Cadence:—

*You may hear the girls declare,
As I walk around the square,
I'm the man that broke the bank at Monte
Carlo.*

THE HOUSE OF HENDRĒ.

'S'ai Plas HendrĒ
Yn Nghaer Fyrddin:
Canu Brechfa,
Tithau Lywelyn.'

*The House HendrĒ stood in
Merlin's Town; and Brechva made
this song of it on his Harp at the
October Ale-Feast of Ivor.*

•

I.

IN the Town where marvellous Merlin
Lived, and still
In deep sleep, they say, lies dreaming
Near it, under Merlin's Hill.

In that town of pastoral Towy,
Once of old
Stood the ancient House of HendrĒ,
Sung on Brechva's harp of gold.

With his harp to Ivor's feasting
 Brechva came,
 There he sang and made this ballad,
 While the last torch spent its flame.

Long they told,—the men of Ivor,
 Of the strain
 At the heart of Brechva's harping
 Heard that night, and not again.

ii. *Incipit Brechva's Ballad of the
 House of Hendrë, and of his deep
 sleep there on Hallowmas Night,
 and of his black awakening.*

In yon town, he sang,—there Hendrë
 Waits my feet,
 In renownèd Merlin's town where
 Clare's white castle keeps the street.

There, within that house of heroes,
 I drew breath;
 And 'tis there my feet must bear me,
 For the darker grace of death.

There that last year's night I journeyed,—
Hallowmas!
When the dead of Earth unburied,
In the darkness rise and pass.

Then in Hendrë (all his harp cried
At the stroke),
Twelve moons gone, there came upon me
Sleep like death. At length I woke:

I awoke to utter darkness,
Still and deep,
With the walls around me fallen
Of the sombre halls of sleep:

With my hall of dreams downfallen,
Dark I lay,
Like one houseless, though about me
Hendrë stood, more fast than they:

But what broke my sleep asunder,—
Light or sound?
There was known no sign, where only
Night, and shadow's heart, were found.

*Brechva hears a voice in the
night, and rises from sleep, and
looks out upon the sleeping town.*

111.

So it passed, till with a troubled
 Lonely noise,
Like a cry of men benighted,
Midnight made itself a voice.

Then I rose, and from the stairloop,
 Looking down,
Nothing saw, where far before me
Lay, one darkness, all the town.

In that grave day seemed for ever
 To lie dead,
Nevermore at wake of morning
To lift up its pleasant head:

All its friendly foolish clamour,
 Its delight,
Fast asleep, or dead, beneath me,
In that black descent of night:

But anon, like fitful harping,
 Hark, a noise!
 As in dream, suppose your dreamer's
 Men of shadow found a voice.

*Brechva's name is called, and
 betaking him to the postern, he
 sees a circle of Shadows, in a
 solemn Dance of Death.*

IV.

Night-wind never sang more strangely,
 Song more strange;
 All confused, yet with a music
 In confusion's interchange.

Now it cried, like harried night-birds,
 Flying near;
 Now, more nigh, with multiplying
 Voice on voice, 'O Brechva, hear!'

I was filled with fearful 'pleasure
 At the call,
 And I turned, and by the stairway
 Gained the postern in the wall.

[I]

Deep as Annwn lay the darkness
 At my feet;—
Like a yawning grave before me,
When I opened, lay the street.

Dark as death, and deep as Annwn,—
 But these eyes
Yet more deeply, strangely, seeing,
From that grave saw life arise.

And therewith a mist of shadows
 In a ring,
Like the sea-mist on the sea-wind,
Waxing, waning, vanishing.

Circling as the wheel of spirits
 Whirled and spun,
Spun and whirled, to forewarn Merlin
In the woods of Caledon.

*Brechva hears an airy music,
and sees all the Bards in the
seventh Heaven of Heroes.*

v.

They were gone, but what sweet wonder
 Filled the air!—
With a thousand harping noises,—
Harping, chiming, crying there.

At that harping and that chiming,
 Straightway strong
Grew my heart, and in the darkness
Found great solace at the song.

Through the gate of night, its vision,
 Three times fine,
Saw the seventh heaven of heroes,
'Mid a thousand torches' shine:

All the bards and all the heroes
 Of old time
There with Arthur and with Merlin
Weave again the bardic rhyme.

There a seat is set and ready,
And the name
There inscribed, and set on high there,—
' Brechva of the Bards of Fame!'

Arthur there, and marvellous Merlin,
Mid the throng:
Hark the harps that summon Brechva
To his peace with solemn song.

And all peace be yours and Brechva's
Now, and Fate
In the ancient house of Hendrë
Yield him soon Death's high estate.

A HOLIDAY BURIAL.

I'LL dig me here a noonday grave
 Within the springing grass,—
 Green walls that from the world shall save
 And closely bury me, but wave
 To all the winds that pass.

Here I will lie in fancy's death,—
 A life away from care,
 And but the summer breeze's breath
 Shall sing for me, at rest beneath,
 A tender dirge and rare.

Here Time shall stay its course, with Space
 Asleep in depths of sky,—
 The present of a sunbeam's trace,
 The past no more than memory's grace,
 The future—by and by.

Sweet purging of the sun-lit wind,
From worldly stain and taint!—
My sins a sudden flight shall find,
And leave me pure in heart and mind,
A gentle summer saint.

THE DEBATE OF SOUL AND BODY.

I.

THE BODY.

WHAT is to come of me frail flesh
 Within this city's monstrous mesh,
 That tangles men so cruelly?
The mortal shadows of the street,
The shapes, like shadows, that I meet,—
 What mercy have they upon me?

Not all my passionate heat and power
Avail me now one passing hour:
 Alone, an-hungered, I am driven
From crowd to crowd, and soon must see
The night fall, but no rest for me
 On earth, and after earth no Heaven!

THE SOUL.

And I am tired too: my body's pains and fears
Are mine. The desperate pass of men
At deadly odds, I know,—and women's tears
And children's cries! Oh these I hear, and then,—
The chant, the march, the music of the spheres.

II.

THE BODY.

What is to help my heart? It breaks
With all the sorrow it betakes
From the lost faces in the throng
That hurries on it knows not where,
Soon to o'erstep the black last stair
That leads to death, and ends the song.

Like vermin borne by some sick bird,
Blown out to sea, are men uprear'd
On this wild wheel of earth, whose race
Into the dark, amid the stars,
Unchecked by its pale charioteers,
Will soon be run in endless space.

THE SOUL.

It is the strife, the soaring strife, that saves,
And turns even lust to love that has the stars
Upon its helm, that walks the homeless waves,
Marches the wind, and brings to life's red wars
Sweet death, with April grass to deck its graves.

III.

THE BODY.

Sweet death!—there comes the bitter last,
That only waits to see me cast
 In some cold corner of the street:
Black snake! then, fanged with agony,
Creeps up to end this beggary,
 And bring the death that men call sweet!

And those, they say, may have again,
Who had: who had not, yet their pain
 May end so, with their indigence!
And the lost woman's lovely years,
And youth's heroic baffled tears,
 May find dark death a recompense.

I loved a maid, but she is gone:
I had a friend, that walk alone:
 And neither speak, dumb in the dust:
And all the poet's hope I had,
To help my race. But fate forbade:
 And there's no justice to the just.

THE SOUL.

If I am wrought now by my body's wrong
That's bruised and tired to death, and sick at heart,
How shall I sing the old delivering song?
How shall I hymn, oh Heaven, and hold my part,
And show frail flesh that I, the soul, am strong?

IV.

THE BODY.

Now the dark river give me grace!
One step into the night of space,
 And I forget in wakeless sleep,
The pain, the tired day I found
Alone in the disastrous round
 This poor mortality may keep.

Let the cold clay reclaim its own!
Let me lie lost, and quite unknown!
Let never men remember more
That one, foregone, lived in such wise,
And made the thankless sacrifice,
Resuming dust, as long before.

V.

THE DISEMBODIED SOUL.

Beneath the stars, and far above the spires,
Now I go free, as godlike spirits do:
But my thought falls, far from yon airy fires,
Back to the poor spent clay that London knew,
To cover its cold face, and weep its dead desires.

Eternity, and the spheral dance forever,
Are mine, immortal: but o'er the dreadful past
Of my body's loss, and pain, and passionate fever,
And human hope of earthly joy at last,—
How o'er its shame my thought like a brooding wing
is cast.

And for the clay, made man for strength and splendour,—

Not all Eternity can quite repay

What humanly it lost of love most tender,

And Earth's fair mornings after night's surrender:

And that is why the stars more sadly stray;

Oh, what the frail flesh lost on London Way,

Not even the Heavens themselves can quite repay.

MOEL Y GAMELYN.

THE fields of night are vacant:
 O'er the hill
 The starry host is hidden,
 And the horse of the wind is ridden
 Thro' the empty space at will.

A little while, the chariot
 Of the world
 May keep the road, still ranging
 Upon its poles unchanging:
 Then into space be hurled

Dear Love,—lend me thy courage!—
 Earth,—art gone?
 Stars, gone out? Time trembles
 To an end, and space dissembles:
 The godlike soul lives on.

THE SONG OF THE EARTHLING.

FROM THE DIALOGUES OF AELFRIC.

I.

WHAT sayest thou, Earthling? how dost thou
do thy work?

Alack! my Lord! when winter morns are mirk,
Hard do I work!

At break of day I drive my team afield,
My whip I wield:

And find my plough beneath yon wintry oak,
And there I yoke:

For ne'er may I, through bitter frost or gloom,
Be found at home!

But with my oxen yoked, must straight abroad,
Fearing my Lord:

Ay, every day, with sweat of my bent brow,
His land must plough,

An acre's space or more; sleet, frost, fierce sun,
Ere day be done!

II.

What sayest thou, Earthling? what fellow goes with thee?

A boy I have, that fares abroad with me:

Stout must he be,

That all day long, must with his iron goad

Lighten my load:

And drive the oxen on with many a dag,

Lest they should flag.

Deep in the furrows may his feet be mired,

Poor thing, soon tired,

And hungered long, ere with a bite of bread

His mouth is fed,—

An hour ere noon! Then must he stiffly start,

To do his part;

And hoarse his voice with shouting and with cold,

Ere day is old!

III.

What sayest thou, Earthling? is this all thy task!

Alack, my Lord! well mayest thou wish to ask,

Hard is my task!

And verily, it is not ended all,
 When night may fall.
Then, when my team once more is driven in,
 I fill the bin
With hay, and feed and water them: ay, marry!
 And out must carry
The mire they make! At last these eyes may see
 What cheer may be
Within my hut: to end there, boy and man,
 As we began.
Ha! Ha! Hard work it is! Hard work it is!
 And worse, I wis!—
And hard and harder in my age shall be,
 Because I am not free!

LULLABY.

‘MAM A’I BABAN.’

THE mother yields her babe to sleep
 Upon her tender breast,
 And sings a lullaby, to keep
 Its little heart at rest:
 ‘O sleep in peace upon my bosom,
 And sweetly may your small dreams blossom:
 And from the fears that made me weep you,
 And from all pains, as soft you sleep you,
 The angels lightly guard and keep you
 So safe and bless’d!

‘Your mother, dear, is full of fear,
 As the dark hours run;
 Her love entwines so closely, dear,—
 Dearest little one!

[J]

Her song is in its music weeping,
To think of death and its dark keeping,
That yet might turn those red cheeks white,—
Life's rose, that grows so in her sight;
And dull those eyes, like morning light!—
 Dearest little one!'

So warm you lie, so soft you sleep,
 And nestle still more near,
With careless dreams that smile and weep,
 And not a thought of fear,—
Her prayers go up to Heaven for you,
That for the boundless love she bore you,
If she were gone one night, and sorrow
Came very close upon the morrow,—
The Christ-child should a candle borrow,
 To light you home to her.

MARI'S SATURDAY NIGHTS.

I.—MARCH.

HER baby lies in the corner,
But she must be out and about,
Ere the Saturday night grows later,
Or louder the market rout.

She must be out, lest he seek her
In the riot of the street,—
And pass by, murmuring Mari!
As he drives his tired feet.

Suppose,—suppose in the darkness,
He passed and could not see
Her door in the dusty alley
Where the wind blows gustily?

'One winter's night, your candle,'
He said, 'shall light me home.'
His babe has come to the cradle,
But he,—he has not come!

Once only went one, like him:
'Oh wait, Will, wait!' she cried;
But never turned the stranger
In that strange flowing tide.

Instead—there spoke one to her:
Too well she understood:—
'Such eyes as hers had silver,
For asking!' Heav'n be good!

For answer, o'er the riot,
She thought she heard the cry
Of her baby in the corner,
That cried eternally.

MARI'S SATURDAY NIGHTS.

II.—OCTOBER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PAVEMENT.

WHAT if my face be pale, she said:
For I can buy it colour.
What if my virtue's frail, she said:
Since life gets dull and duller,
Let it go fast and faster, till I'm dead!

And if I die so soon, she said,
Far better, dead and buried,
Than living this wild life, she said,
Where women are so wearied,
Upon the endless pavement that they tread.

And if God is so great, she said,
He still may stoop and save me!

And if it be but fate, she said,
 These eyes and red lips, gave me?
What use is left in praying, then? she said.

But if we had our way, she said,
 With men,—then we would love them,
Not as for everyday, she said,
 But with God's stars above them,
And flowers below, to dress the day! she said.

Then hardest hearted men, she said,
 Would only love for kindness;
And all sad women then, she said,
 Should end their tears and blindness:
And Christ save Mari Magdalen! she said.

THE CALENDAR OF FRAGRANCES.

THE hot day done,—as we went by
 The garden wall in the sighing night,
 And drank the coolness of the sky,
 And smelt the sweetness of the Lime,—
 ‘How fast,’ she said, ‘this fragrant time
 Goes by! So pray you, haste to write
 The Calendar of Fragrances.’

For her sweet sake of many a rhyme,
 May Fancy be my gardener now,
 With maiden Lilac, or Lady Lime,
 To turn the flowery calendar,
 With all its sweets to rhyme for her;
 That she may read beneath the bough
 The Calendar of Fragrances.

First in the February snow,
The Snowdrop has the snow's fresh scent;
The Celandine, as well you know,
Has fragrance only faries feel;
As bold March trundles on the wheel,
And Daisies are an old event
 I' the Calendar of Fragrances.

Now come Primrose and Daffodil,
And lift their caps from last year's leaves,
And scatter fragrance with a will;
And Violets transmute the dew,
And Bluebells out of sunshine brew
The headiest ale that April gives
 The Calendar of Fragrances.

The dainty Lilac that's a maid
In April, yields her sweets in May,
In white and lilac all arrayed,
And married long ere comes the Rose:
Syringa comes though, ere she goes,
While Hawthorn scores with Holiday!
 The Calendar of Fragrances.

Ere comes the Rose! Diana knows
Why rhyme grows restless at the word;
My Calendar may pause, or close,
When every Rose breathes sweet to say—
'To-morrow is Diana's day!'
And Roses crown, with one accord,
The Calendar of Fragrances.

Breathe sweet, red Roses! bloom, oh white!
Red Roses, woo her tenderly!
White Roses, guard her sleep to-night!
And you, wild Rose, of mountain bloom,
Scatter faint fragrance in her room,
And twine with mountain memory
The Calendar of Fragrances.

Now Autumn comes, and brings the rhyme
Of other fragrances and flowers;
But Roses crown the flowery time,
And keep and crown the destined day,
When at Diana's feet I lay,
With Roses twined about its hours,
The Calendar of Fragrances.

July 12th, 1895.

GWALLT GWINEU.

SWEET brown hair,—as brown as berries
In the hedge!
When the autumn turns and burns 'em
Brown as sedge.
Sweet brown hair,—and gold within it,
Hidden there,
And three threads of grey for silver;—
That is dear Diana's hair.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

LLYN-Y-VAN VACH.

NOW the Morn, arrayed in light,
 Gold and grey and silvery white,
 Hastens to the ardent pool
 That lies brimmed and beautiful
 In its mountain cup of green;
 Ardent, radiant; cool, serene.
 There the water for the fire,
 All the night, with wan desire,
 For the morning watched and lay
 Longing for the break of day,—
 Hiding in its heart the dream
 Of the Sun's awakening gleam.
 Now he comes, and light meets light:

Now his spears the host of night
Drive into the earthen deeps
Where essential darkness sleeps;
And the water throbs and stirs
With the flashing of his spears,
One in elemental glow,
Fire and water, ebb and flow.

Now, once more, the mountain way,
After many an exiled day,
We are come to seek for grace
Of this solitary place:—
Looking from the rippled deep,
Where the shadow of the steep
Casts a burnished shield that seems
To be lifted as it swims,
Like Arthur's Sword, to where beside
One Golden Bough is in the tide
Mirrored so exquisitely,
It half seems spirit, half seems tree.

Is it there the linnet sings,
That brief note whose music brings

All the light and grace of earth
To one strain of lyric mirth?
Or, is what we hear, a voice
Of the lake,—a naiad noise,
Liquid, fine as light, and sweet
As this fragrance at our feet?
Tree and Lake and all around
Tell this place is holy ground,
And that strain that died away,
Too, proclaim this Holy Day.

Now the mystery grows more,
And the thoughts we lost before
Swift return: and winged they rove
Far to an Italian grove:
For this pool in spirit is
One in its green mysteries
With that fair Arician lake,
Where of old for Dian's sake
Came the dreadful slave to slay,
On the pale predestined day:
And the slain god straight gave up
To the slaying, the Grail's red cup.
Oh, if we have changed our faith,
And forgot the phrase of Death,

And its purple, spilt to give
To the slayer, art to live:
Not the less be ours to know
The secret of the Golden Bough,
And the awe and mystery
Of Fire and Water, Lake and Tree.
Still the Golden Bough shall bloom
In the coming days of gloom:
Still at morn, the living lake
To the Sun-gleam shall awake,
Still the bird shall sing the strain
Of Love's grace of joy and pain.
By their sign, a different priest
Of Dian's, let me live, at least,—
To sing the Heavenly Mysteries
And hymn the Eternal Essences,
And serve you, Dian, as of old,
With morning light, and Bough of Gold.

THE ROSE OF OSSIAN.

To S. C.

WHAT do you know of it, Ossian, Ossian,
 Know of the Rose?

Fragrant, encrimsoned, murmuring, murmuring,
 ' If I uncloze,

Can you read me and all that is hid in my redness,
 The love and the hate, the grace and the madness? '
 The secret was not in your song, I suppose,
 Ossian, Ossian?

But I listened and looked in it, Ossian, Ossian,
 Looked in the Rose,

And saw all the red of old battles reviving,
 So redly it blows,—

And saw in the night the red dawn of the morning,
 And heard the old song of the Cymry returning
 To the mysteries of Ind, in the Rune of the Rose,
 Ossian, Ossian.

DIALIAD.

MY enemy's sweet songs!—
 I drew strength from their sweetness
 And arrows for my wrongs,
 And wings to urge my fleetness;
 And when my night was day,
 And I was mighty through him,
 I harped my hate away,
 But with his songs I slew him.

My enemy lay slain,
 While I stood, strong and living;
 The muffled drums in pain
 Beat o'er his grave forgiving;
 But I who had foreseen
 The dead man in the clay there
 Knew death no closing scene,
 And harped my grief away there.

I chose the sweetest tune
He left to live forever,
And harped the winter noon
Into a summer fever;
I sang of Earth, the gateway
To Heav'n, and gave requick'ning
To lethal clay till straightway
The grave-flowers ceased their sick'ning.

I harped his Life-in-death,
Until, my death-song over,
His kindred in one breath
Cried,—Lo! his only lover
Who loved too well the splendour
Of men, to bear their wrongs;
And slew the black offender,
But saved his sweetest songs.

THE CALEND OF WINTER.

FROM THE RED BOOK OF HERGEST.

THE Calends of Winter are come; the grain
Grows hard: the dead leaf drops in the rain:
Though the stranger bids thee, turn not again.

The Calends of Winter; about the hearth
Draw the gossips close, as storm holds the earth:
Now many a secret leaks in the mirth.

The Calends of Winter; the stags grow lean;
And yellow the birches whose tops were green;
Now the Winter pays for thy Summer's sin.

The Calends of Winter sigh in the wood,
Where the branches bend o'er the brook at flood;
Only God the Diviner the day finds good.

The Calends of Winter; forgot in the cold,
The tale the Calends of Summer told,—
What the cuckoos sang to the blackbirds bold.

The Calends of Winter; the night falls soon,
Black as the raven; the afternoon
Declines to evening without a tune.

The Calends of Winter are come. The heath
Is bare where it was burnt. The breath
Of the oxen smoke. The old wait death.

DIANA'S PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT more delight upon a summer morn,
 Diana said, than up the mountain side,
 To range once more, by height on height upborne,
 Into the nimble air? Ah, then the pride—
 The pride of life is all a song as cheerly sounds the
 horn!

What greater cheer upon a winter night,
 Diana said, than with old books of rhyme,
 A fir-wood fire, a lamp of yellow light,
 To warm one's thought, as we have many a time,
 When round the walls the white north wind blows
 cold from Caera's height.

How little did the silver mornings dream,
 Amid their apple-blossom, of these boughs

That beat the roof, and whip the panes, and seem
The wind's witch-fingers that would hurt the
house:

How little dreams the winter-dark of the May-morn-
ing's glean.

Pile high the hearth, she said;—and knelt anear;

This crimson coal is but the sun's lost glow.

So Mayday morns may haunt December's ear,

Our witch-tree was a fairy long ago:

When winter-nights were summer-morns, whose light
makes dark more dear.

BETHON.

YOU see that hospitable red-roofed house,—
A little isle of red amid green trees?—
Often and often have I brushed the boughs
That hide its garden, gathering with the bees.

There, in that house, a lonely woman lives,
With wild and hapless promptings in her soul,
Rich in the silver gifts that this world gives,
But lacking with them all love's golden dole.

If she had only lived in earlier times,
In those old times whose history is romance,
She might have sped young lovers 'neath the limes,
Or sailed some joyous night for merry France.

But there she lives her silent angry life
From day to day, the se'nnight's ordered round;
Milking and baking, clanging bowl and knife,
A mistress of the world in homespun bound.

Green, happy nook! the little garden's sweet,
And blithe at morning-time the blackbird's song:
Ah, Fate's a jester, there has tied her feet,
Far from life's courtly floors, and pomp and throng.

A STREET TUNE.

THROUGH the street, at afternoon
 Sleeping in the sultry light,—
 As I passed I heard a tune
 Ground, with scarce a stave aright,
 From some organ out of sight.

And I went out from the town,
 Sleeping street, and droning tones
 Fain to wake it,—wandering down
 To the river's margent stones.

There, above, the waters flow
 Rippling o'er a pebbly run,
 And, within a pool below,
 Joining many tunes in one,
 Sing again in unison.

Strangely, though, the murmuring sound,
As I listened, took the shape
Of the tune the organ ground
Where the town lay, half-asleep.

'Tis too near the town-walls here,
But there is a distant hill
On whose summit high and clear,
Said I, 'sure the moments will
Pass unechoing and still!'

Fresh its heights, though afternoon;
Light and cool the breezes played,
Bearing scents of clover strewn
Far below by lad and maid.

There, upon the hill-top grew,
On the stony, barren crest,
Twenty thistles,—ragged crew,
Rustling with a plaintive zest
In the little wind's unrest.

And my glance fell far below,
As they rustled—suddenly
On the town's red roofs aglow,
In a homely company,—

Far below, and then the wind
Rose into a fitful gale;
And the thistles, to my mind,
Whistling on a noisier scale,
Told an old, familiar tale.

Some old ballad's monotone,—
Thistle-heads, your tune is sweet:
Where before was heard or known
This you whistle at my feet?

Now I know the coat it wears
This is still the selfsame tune
That the droning organ bears
Through the town,—the haunting tune
Of the street this afternoon.

And I slowly townward turned,
Thinking of the pleasant shade
That the sun, the while it burned,
Under wall and doorway made,—

Thinking of the splash and drip
In the market-font, the sound
Of a dusty teamster's whip,
And the children's cry: I found
To the tune's sweet tale no bound.

Carmarthen, 1881.

TO THE RIVER TOWY.

THE sun dips o'er thy meadows,
 And paler grow the shadows,
 Where the willows love the stream,
 While in the sultry street
 I turn again, and dream
 Of thy thyme and meadow-sweet,
 Winding Towy.

Ah, where is he, that knew thee
 When a boy; and late turned to thee
 When a dying man; to dream
 In another northern street
 By the Tyne, of Towy stream,
 And thy thyme and meadow-sweet,
 Pleasant Towy?

He longed for thy still waters,
Like all thy sons and daughters.
They roam the earth, but dream
Where the Afrid death-drums beat,
Or Sahara's sand-fires gleam,
Of thy thyme and meadow-sweet,
 Quiet Towy.

They hear the kine go lowing,
At evening homeward going
Below Carmarthen town,
Where thro' each western street
The fragrances are blown
Of thy thyme and meadow-sweet,
 Winding Towy.

They hear thy soft Welsh voices,
And the hushed and homely noises
When at nightfall, by the door
One sings, and passing feet
Are stayed to hear once more
Of thy thyme and meadow-sweet,
 Pleasant Towy.

Ah, at last, to thy green quiet
Let me turn, too, from the riot
Of the crowd,—and find thy peace
And forget my tired feet,
In those pastoral cadences
Of thy thyme and meadow-sweet,
Quiet Towy.

ENVOI.

I'R CYMRY AR WASGAR.

THE old Land of our Fathers, where they sleep
 Their waiting sleep of earth in perfect peace,—
 The Land of our Last Prince and strong Glyndwr,
 Of Davyth, Ceiriog, Kyffin, Salesbury,—
 Bequeathed these tales, which here in other rhyme
 Are winged afresh, that far o'er foreign fields
 Their names and fames may fly!

Come, carry them,

Kind fellow-countrymen, where'er you roam—
 In the red Orient, far from your green hills,
 Or in the motley streets below St. Paul's,—
 That dreams of falling waters and the grass
 Which grows along the meadows of the Dee,
 Of serpent Towy, Teivy, Usk, or Wye,—
 That yet some echo of old tender tunes,
 Old sorrowing hymns, in the sweet mother tongue,
 Some sound of footsteps in the village street,

Or western wind, such as in London once
Made Owain Myvyr weep, may reach your hearts,
As rhyme on rhyme goes by?

If you but find

Some lingering cadence of Llewelyn's Land,
Or hosted music of her mountain spears,
Or pastoral echo of her mountain folds,
Or lurking fragrance of her mountain rose,
Or stern reminder of the buried sword
In Glyndwr's grave,—then is the lyric dream
Not given to them in vain! Old death-wounds still
Set free the spirit for eternal life;
In every dirge there sleeps a battle-march;
And those slain heroes of the past may tell
How they attained, who only seemed to fail;
And they that fell of old, on those grey fields,
By their red Death, enable us to live!

Several of these Poems have already appeared in various magazines and reviews,—Welsh, English, and American,—to whose editors they make every due acknowledgement. In addition, three ballads are borrowed from the author's previous volume, 'A London Rose,' by permission of Mr. John Lane; and two poems come from the 'Second Book of the Rhymer's Club,' published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

NOTES.

NOTES.

IN the foregoing poems, whether original or no, it will be found that what may be called the traditional method has generally been followed in transferring Welsh words or Welsh characteristics into English verse. The idiosyncrasy of Welsh verse can at best, however, be very imperfectly maintained in an English medium; and the present writer has cared more to keep to the spirit than the exact letter of the old poets in *The Black Book of Carmarthen* and *The Red Book of Hergest*. Their poems are given here, accordingly, rather as paraphrases than translations; with every thing freely eliminated, that seemed likely to cause friction, or make against their chances of being immediately enjoyed, as poetry must be if it is to have its free and full effect. As for the Welsh proper and place names that appear, other and famous workers in the same field have already set the working rule that

it seems wise to follow, until such time at any rate as English readers have an intelligent ear for Celtic words.

The Welsh 'dd,' at best an awkward typographical form, is invariably converted into 'th,' pronounced as in 'though'; the 'ff' becomes 'f'; while the Welsh 'f' becomes 'v,' pronounced as in the common English use of the letter: *Dafydd ap Gwilym* reads accordingly, 'Davyth ap Gwilym': and *Morfydd* becomes 'Morvyth.' The 'c' in Welsh, it should be further remembered, is always hard. Finally, the accent commonly falls on the penultimate; but place names and verbs in the infinitive often end on the last syllable: *e.g.* Aberdâr, Cwmdu; cryfhau, gwanhau, &c. In the case of Owain Glyndwr, in the 'Ballad of the Buried Sword,' Glyndwr is simply an abbreviation of 'Glyndyfrdwy,' the title of his patrimonial estate on the Dee; and the natives of that region to this day speak of him as 'Glyndŵr,' accenting the last syllable as if it was still part of the original three-syllabled name.

'The Ballad of the Buried Sword,' page 3, line 1. 'Gamélyn,' pronounced Gaméllyn, as in Helvellyn. The moor lies on the northern slope of Moel-y-Gamelyn, off Glyndwr's Vale on the Dee. One tradition has it that he was buried near Monington, in Shropshire; but the place of his grave has never been quite established.

'The Song of the Wind,' page 6. 'Canu y Gwynt,' from the *Book of Taliesin*. Possibly the first beginning of this poem was simply one of the rustic riddle-rhymes so common in the country up to our own days, which date back for many centuries. In Taliesin's time, and haply by his hand, it received something of a fuller poetic form; and it was certainly retouched and thrice amplified by some mediæval master-hand. Davyth ap Gwilym again paraphrased some of its most imaginative lines in the 14th century, in his *Cywydd y Gwynt* (Ode to the Wind), and it has been used similarly by Welsh poets this century. The chronology of the poem forms one of the most interesting and tantalising problems in all Welsh literature; and its history is characteristic of the frank use the Welsh poets have made, from century to century, of their forerunners.

'The Ballad of Howel the Tall,' page 10. Prince Howel ab Owain; the son of Owain Gwynedd by an Irish mother; a brilliant soldier, and irresistible as a sieger of castles, from Criccieth to Caermarthen; besides being one of the most delightful of love-poets. According to the old Arvon tradition of his death, he was slain,—stabbed in the back,—by his half-brother David, in a battle for the crown, when he was still only twenty-seven years old: *circa* A.D. 1187. By an error in the 2nd verse, noted too late for correction, 'nine' centuries is misprinted for 'seven.' A fragment of one of Howel's poems is used in the third part of the ballad, sub-titled 'Howel's Song.'

'The Death-Song of Ercwlf,' page 18. From *The Book of Taliesin*. Skene supposes Ercwlf, which is another form of Hercules, to be a Pict, since 'the Picts were said to be descended from Gileon Mac Ercail, or son of Hercules.' The present transcript is freely collated with the capital literal translation of the Rev. Robert Williams of Rhydygroesau, in the *Four Ancient Books of Wales*.

'The Ballad of King Arthur's Sleep,' page 20.

Based upon the folk-tale common to north and south Wales. The delightful version from which this is drawn is to be found in the *Llyfrau Ystraeon Hanes* of Mr. Owen M. Edwards.

'The Death of Merlin,' page 29. Needless to say it is the mediæval, and not the primitive Merlin (ab Morvryn) who is here represented. 'Calan Gauav' night is the eve of the winter calend, November 1st; a time-honoured feast-night in Wales. So far as this romance has its basis in the local scenery and tradition of Carmarthen, it is drawn from the writer's careless recollections of tales told when he was a boy, inspired in a lively nursemaid's fancy by Merlin's Tree,—now alas! in the last stages of decay,—Merlin's Hill and Merlin's Grave. Mr. Gollancz has enabled me to trace the old four-line stanza converted into the Sailor's Song, on page 30, as coming from the 'Ancient Scottish Predictions.' Morial's name is borrowed from the 'Englynion y Betev' (Beddeu), for the apocryphal monkish scribe who lost his faith, and found it in a dream on his lazar's death-bed, in the Spital or lazar-house that once stood, it is said, without the town.

'Two Little Ballads of Ievan's Wife,' page 45. Taken from the vigorous episode of Ievan ap Robert, related by Sir John Wynn in his inimitable History of the Gwydir Family.

'The Poet of the Leaves,' page 54: 'The Ballad of the Green Book,' page 56. Davyth ap Gwilym was an immediate contemporary of Chaucer, and may claim to be the fine flower of Welsh mediæval poetry. He wrote in all more than a century of poems to Morvyth, who lived at Rhosyr, near the present village of Newborough, in Anglesey. Though betrothed to Davyth, at least in his eyes, her father married her to Cynvrig Cynau,—a rich hunch-back, whom Davyth satirises continually under the name of Bwa Bach,—the little dwarf. Moreover, he succeeded in carrying off Morvyth from the clutches of Cynvrig, and was put in prison thereafter, in default of paying a heavy fine. The men of Glamorgan ultimately paid the fine for him, out of gratitude for his poems. Of these, no satisfactory edition exists; and we are awaiting now the Oxford text promised by Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, which will finally set at rest many disputed points. 'The

'Ballad of the Green Book' attempts to follow, very imperfectly, something of the lyric measure and the rapid and natural movement of these exquisite forest songs. The present writer has in preparation a first sketch of Davyth's life, illustrated by translations and paraphrases of his poems.

'The Coming of Olwen,' page 61. A paraphrase of the well-known and oft-quoted passage in her praise, so beautifully set amid the romantic pages of 'Kilhwch and Olwen,' in the *Mabinogion*.

'The Ballad of The Grave of Gwen,' page 63: from Llywarch Hën's Lament for his Sons in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* and *The Red Book of Hergest*. In making this transcript, the writer has made use of Canon Silvan Evans' admirable literal translations; collating them with the Welsh text. The first stanza in the *Black Book* runs:

'Tec yd gan yr adaren ar perwit pren
Uwch pen Gwen. Cyn yr elo dan
Tywarch briwei calch Hën.'

'The Lament of Llywarch Hen,' page 65: from the *Red Book of Hergest*, where it forms part of the same long poem (sixty-eight stanzas) as provides the latter part of the previous transcript. The present rendering cannot claim to keep closer to the superb half-barbaric simplicity of its original, than the free paraphrase of Baglan Bren (which opens so many of its most characteristic stanzas) into 'Old Crutch' may suggest.

'The Voyage of Brân to Emain,' page 67: from the Irish text and literal translation of Prof. Kuno Meyer, in the interesting volumes of 'The Voyage of Brân,' in the *Grimm Library*. Emain corresponds, as the name suggests, to the Isle of Avallon and other forms of the Celtic Paradise. See Mr. Alfred Nutt's profoundly suggestive essay in the first volume of 'Brân,' on the 'Celtic Otherworld.'

'Twilight at Aber-Fraw,' page 71. Aberffraw, the old seat of the Welsh Princes, near the south-east corner of the Anglesey coast, and at the mouth of the little river Fraw. A silent village, set about by melancholy sand-drives, not a trace of its former palaces now

remain. The name Aberffraw, it may be added, is accented locally, and properly, as one word, and becomes something very like 'Bérffro' in the mouths of the natives. The present writer has however but taken the same poetic license as did one of the bards of Llewelyn the Last long ago.

'The Lament for Cyndylan,' page 77: from *The Red Book of Hergest*. The region of Cyndylan's exploits seems to have ranged from Strathclyde and the Forth to the Welsh Dee, the upper Severn, and still further south. Pengwern, the site of his palace, lies in a retired side-vale off the main Vale of Llangollen, where the ruins of a later mansion of the Tudor-Trevor family serve as a memorial. The original poem in the *Red Book* contains 107 stanzas. It was in the wars, in which Llywarch Hën assisted Cyndylan against the Saxons, that Gwen and Llywarch's other sons were lost. This poem has been generally ascribed to Llywarch Hën, and is very much after his manner.

'The Song of the Graves,' page 86. *Englynion y Beteu'* (Beddeu). The original text in the *Black Book of Carmarthen* consists of seventy-two primitive three-

lined englynion or stanzas (which are not properly and metrically englynion at all), whose long-drawn monotony adds to the dirge-like effect of the metre. Of these, less than a fourth are here reproduced. The whole poem is memorial of the burial places of some two hundred warriors, maidens, bards, and others, and in some instances serves as the sole record of place-names and names of slain heroes, of great importance in early British history. The present translator will, no doubt, be pardoned if, in keeping close to the original metre, he has tried to preserve the poetry, rather than the history, embodied in a poem, which was already in its 12th century dress, let us remember, a conventual scribe's freely revised version of a much earlier elegy.

'The Lament for Urien,' page 92: from *The Red Book of Hergest*. Urŷen, Lord of Rheged (still represented in South Wales by the Dynevor family), inspired some of Taliesin's finest poems and fragments. Only a few of the stanzas of the present poem are here given. The opening lines might well be suggested by Careg Cennen Castle, which was undoubtedly one of Urien's seats. But many places on the Dee and

Eleri rivers, and northward, in greater Wales, bear tribute to his history, in which some curious parallels to the traditional history of King Arthur are to be traced.

'The Ballad of the Last Prince,' page 94. See previous note on Aberffraw. There, and at Aber, some four miles north-east of Bangor, Llewelyn the Last made his chief residence. His story is told in the ballad very much as Welsh folk tradition gives it. There seems some doubt if Llewelyn went to his death-tryst unarmed, according to a common pact when meetings between hostile leaders were so arranged; or if the lord of Towy really invited him to the spot, or if so deliberately did it to plot his death. Some interesting explorations have been made latterly at the Cistercian Abbey of Cwmhir, in Radnorshire, where Llewelyn's tomb has been supposed to lie; see the admirable paper in the transactions of the Cymmrodorion Society for 1895, by Mr. S. W. Williams, F.S.A. The recent movement in Wales to provide a memorial to 'Llywelyn ein Llyw Olaf,' so warmly backed by Lord Kenyon, Mr. Owen M. Edwards, and other prominent men, will perhaps enable us at least to place memorial tablets in

the villages of Aber and Aberffraw. To some such marble tribute, the art of Mr. Goscombe John would lend itself well.

'The House of Hendrë,' page 109. The Brechva of this ballad must not, of course, be confused with the famous Ieuan Brechva of the 15th century, the Carmarthenshire bard and herald. The Ivor is evidently intended for Ivor Hael.

'Lullaby,' page 129. The first verse of the original runs:

'Roedd mam â'i baban bach yn cysgu

Ar ei thyner fron;

A dyma'r gân wnai suo ganu

Rhwng y lleddf a'r llon:

'O cwsg yn dawel tra ar fy nwyfron,

A melus odiaeth a fo'th freuddwydion!

Ti gei ofdiau, os cei di fywyd,

A llawer croes a llawer adfyd,

Ond cei angylion i'th wyllo hefyd,

Ar y ddaear hon.'

'Dialiad,' page 145.—Avenging.

'The Calends of Winter,' page 146. The Winter Calend was November 1st. This poem is another of the Llywarch Hën Series, and probably consists of original stanzas by him, with a moral tagged on by some sententious mediæval reviser.

'To the River Towy,' page 156. The poets of Dyved have never tired of singing the praises of the Vale of Towy—"Golygfa brydferth o Ddyffryn y Tywi—dyffryn mwyaf swynol Cymru," to quote from the story by Mr. Llewelyn Williams, now running in the *Celt Llundain*, the vigorous weekly organ of the Welsh in London. The reference in the second verse is to the Author's father, who longed to see the Towy once more, as he lay dying in the North of England.

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